

"The Death of Me"

Back in the late nineties (prior to prison), my uncle told me a woman would be the death of me. This prophesy was based on a questionable lifestyle that I chose which involved woman after woman. Everyone knew I was playing a deadly game, but for me, it was just a game. Having fun by any means.

I took stock into his prophesy after multiple failed attempts on my life. No one has ever gotten close enough to really cause me harm other than a woman. So when COVID-19 tried taking me out the game, I knew I had nothing to worry about. I didn't see any breasts on Ms. Coronavirus so I slept with ease. Many around me became deathly ill, and quite a few died, but I had no worries.

My symptoms were fairly mild as though just teasing me with the real thing. It was more of an annoyance than anything, especially since I knew it couldn't kill me. My only concern was potentially killing someone I cared about who didn't share my destined outcome.

But then it occurred to me, I caught my case protecting a woman. That same woman helped nail my coffin shut. And now I'm walking around in a modified mausoleum with guys who are dead and just don't know it yet. My heart began a panicky thud as reality set in. He never said "a woman would kill me personally," so it's possible a woman may simply **cause** my death. This new reality set off a chain reaction because anything that happens to me on the inside would result from my being here...because of a woman. **Shit! Not the outcome I imagined.**

Thankfully COVID did it's best and lost it's battle against me. But does that mean anything else may still be the death of me?

Mario Sentelle Cavin [326204]

12/12/20